

Wohlstandskinder

"Jekyll & Hyde"

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Alone in the house since his parents die
Talking to himself
Sneaking away from the neighbors eyes
Quiet and reserved
All the girls from school always were so cruel
Nothing like the ladies at the morgue
Shall we do it in the coffin in the back of the church?
I know you'll keep a secret and you won't say a word

No one knows me, I like to keep to myself
I've got hundreds of faces on the shelf

He is the voice of the oppressed and the weak
Wearing the face of justice
Until Friday night when his dick is hard
He throws that face away
Feel the force like the hammer of Thor
Pounding against the flesh
He's the hook in the hooker, pulling her down
Raping the night away

No one knows me, I like to keep to myself
I've got hundreds of faces on the shelf
For how long can I keep the monster inside
I feel the Jekyll and Hyde are about to collide

Mr Pentecostal Pastor with his pretty young wife
Preaching like a pro
An apostle of disaster with a great appetite
Feel his healing hands
Let us pray, and he preys on their sweet young flesh
Offering his pastoral care
Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's wife
But wasn't it strange when his second wife died?

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